



AND

Weekly Register.

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1804.

THE HISTORY OF  
*Netterville:*  
A CHANCE PEDESTRIAN.

## CHAPTER. XX.—(continued.)

"AT this period I quitted Scotland, to make the tour of Europe; and as it was not considered expedient to grant me a splendid establishment, I was to take upon me the fictitious name of Darlington; by which means, I should preserve to myself intirely the benefit of observation; and, at the same time, reserve a large sum of money, to begin my intended career in my native land, in a brilliant manner. In the province of Languedoc, I unfortunately discovered a beautiful Florentine girl of quality; her virtue was assailable only by means of a private marriage, and encompassed by a host of friends, I had great difficulty in persuading her to become mine without their knowledge; yet at length, by the vilest stratagem, I effected it; and being united to her under the name of Darlington, the marriage was consequently illegal in the eye of the law.—I loved her with unbounded affection, which studiously sought its own gratification, for I never once entertained a thought of really making her my wife; yet that I was never happy out of her presence, was but too evident; and I now began to devise a plan for removing her intirely from France to Great Britain.—This also I effected.—Arrived in England—I placed her in a small sea-port town, and hastened to see my family from whom I had been absent nearly three years.—My father received me with rapture, and soon after

proposed an alliance between me and my present wife.—I offered myself to her acceptance with regret; for notwithstanding her large fortune, I could not help making comparisons between her and Blanche, which were by no means in Adeliza's favour—for my Blanche was beauty personified—Miss Campbell, on the contrary, was not handsome, I was refused—Good heavens! who shall speak the fury of my soul? I was absolutely mad with passion—I swore, if in the power of fate, I would be revenged—too well did I succeed.—I discovered that a young man of the name of Netterville, who passed for the ward of Mr. Campbell, was my rival; and I also knew, from the general report of the world, that he was Adeliza's brother; yet I carefully concealed from the lovers the knowledge of this relationship, and Mr. Campbell was wholly unsuspecting of their attachment. When matters had gone on as I thought far enough, I demanded Mr. Campbell's interference in my favour;—he commanded his daughter to receive my addresses—an explanation followed—and I rejoiced in the misery of these innocent young people.

"Netterville quitted his native land, and Mr. Campbell, soon after, compelled his daughter to become mine—now then I triumphed and tyrannized in security.—Mr. Campbell died and in right of my wife, I came into possession of all his large property. My father, alas! had been dead some time, my mother soon followed him—gratified to the extent of what had been my wishes, I was not yet satisfied, and eagerly grasped after more; and most probably, had the world been mine, I should, like its mighty conqueror, have regretted that fresh ones were not made for me.

"During this period, I occasionally resided with Blanche, who began to complain of lassitude, and want of society; with difficulty could I prevail on her to remain where I had placed her, and in consequence of her complaining disposition, I quitted her intirely, leaving no clue by which she could discover me. My ardent desire of aggrandizement still continued—and on your lordship's quitting Scotland for India, I determined, if possible, to secure the reversion of your wife's fortune, as in default of male issue, it descended in right of her mother, who was a Macdonald, to Adeliza.—Here, once again, I triumphed securely—for I obtained the person of Lady Clanrick, and confined her in a solitary castle, that I hired, in which place she was delivered of a son, whom I also secured."

Lady Newark was nearly fainting—"O!" exclaimed she, "go on, go on! tell me, my son—what of my son? O! where, where is he?"—"My beloved Katie," said Lord Newark, "know you not that your son is no more—know you not that the vessel in which he was embarked, was sunk on the coast of Northumberland?"—"True," replied she, "but my heart will still hope—the expressions of the vile!"—"Compose yourself, my love, suffer me to proceed—come, drink a glass of wine and water—" Adeliza gave her one, and his lordship proceeded as follows.—

"I dispatched the boy in a vessel to Scotland, where it was my intention to bring him up as a peasant; Providence, however, frustrated my designs—the vessel was lost—yet, my lord, I think—"—Lord Newark paused—looked at his lady with emotions of mingled fear and delight—"What?" cried she, tell me, I beseech you!"—and she grasped his arm

"What does he think?"—"Can you prove, my Katie, to compose your—"  
—"O, I can bear any thing better than this dreadful suspense—tell me, I conjure, what Mr. Nugent thought!"—"My Katie, be not too sanguine."—Lady Newark panted for breath—"Go on!" cried she, "for mercy's sake, go on!"—"I think," proceeded his lordship, reading "your son lives!"—Lady Newark, sunk senseless on the floor—proper restoratives being administered, she in a short time revived, when Lord Newark tried to prevail on her to retire for the night, but she insisted on his continuing the narrative, and he went on as follows:

"Lady Clanrick escaped from her confinement; Netterville was returned to Europe, and my sister being now in possession of a large fortune, I persuaded her to come and reside with me, fearing an accidental meeting between them might awaken the partiality I knew she had formerly entertained for him.—I again sought Blanche: she received me with affection—my cruelty was forgotten—she brought me a daughter—how my pride was wounded!—I had no legitimate child—Providence, in the midst of my success, thus disappointed the vain pride of my heart—my family would be extinct—how many days did I spend in the bitterest regret on this account!—I now determined to leave Blanche intirely.—I did so—happiness was fled from me for ever—the thorn of anguish was continually pressing my vitals, while conscience reproached me daily with the misapplication of those talents which the bounty of Providence had given me. Years rolled away, and, in the lapse of time, I found only an increase of sorrow; I wrote to Blanche—I demanded her child—she refused—I came and settled at Bamborough, and the first glance I caught of young Netterville convinced me he was your son! Yes, my lord, he is your son—your long-lost—your long-regretted Donald!" Lady Newark caught the hand of her lord; she pressed it to her heart; his lordship folded her in his arms, and went on as follows: "Exactly at the time in which your son was lost, did Netterville, the brother of Adeliza, discover this young man in a vessel which had been wrecked and deserted by its crew, who all perished in a boat within sight of land. My lord, he has preserved, no doubt, some remnants of his infant clothing when he was discovered—or, probably, some

mark about his person might make known to Lady Newark her son; for my own part, I am convinced of the truth of what I here assert. The sight of your son caused a general revulsion in my whole mass of blood; and the despair of Blanche, who soon after drowned herself, completed my misery. On earth I have no peace—Heaven will not open its gates to such a wretch as me. I am going fast towards the grave, and now see, when too late, the sinfulness of my past life. I tremble at the retribution of the Almighty, and am appalled at the retrospection of the past. I am convinced, when the conviction can no longer avail me, that "Man walketh in a shadow, and disquieteth himself in vain; heapeth up riches, and cannot tell who shall gather them." Not one action of virtue have I performed—not one ray of comfort does futurity promise me; and as by our actions we must stand or fall, I have reason to despair!"

During the time of breakfast at Lord Newark's, the following day, a carriage stopped at the door; the whole party rose and went to the window; Mathuen stepped out of it, and handed out Miss Nugent, who was followed by our hero. Lady Newark could scarcely support herself. "Now, my Katie," exclaimed Lord Newark, taking her hand, "exert your fortitude; and, for my sake, do not let this interview upset your composure. Mrs. Nugent walked towards the door, to meet the travellers. Lady Newark gasped for breath when she beheld the features of Lewisham; and the affect on which had been so long pent up in her bosom burst forth at once; she rushed forwards to meet him, exclaiming, "O, my son! my beloved son, welcome to the fond arms of thy mother!" and intirely exhausted, she sunk at his feet. Lewisham, alarmed at this event endeavoured to assist her; but being unable to stoop, from the wound in his side, he knelt by her, vainly attempting to raise her. The rest of the company now flew to his assistance, and Miss Nugent was greatly alarmed, lest this incident should hurt her protegee. Lady Newark opened her eyes—"My son, my beloved son!" cried she, stretching out her hand towards Lewisham, "once more let me press you to my maternal bosom!" Lewisham trembled with agitation. "Would to God," exclaimed he, "that I was your son!—Would to God that I was blessed with such a mother!" Lady Newark clung round his neck, "I feel,

I am convinced," cried she, "my strong emotions convince me, I cannot be deceived. You are, indeed, my son; the sweet blooming cherub, whose loss over-set my weak reason—whom years have not banished from my memory!" Lewisham looked at her with astonishment; he could not credit the evidence of his senses. Lord Newark advanced towards him—"My son," said he, stretching out his hand, "we have every reason to suppose you are, indeed, our son—our first and only son!" Lewisham was, if possible more astonished than before.—"God for ever bless and keep my son!" continued his lordship. Mathuen now approached, and took his father by the hand, "God for ever bless, and keep my son!" said his lordship, putting his hand on the head of the kneeling Mathuen, "God bless, and preserve both my children!" Mathuen burst into tears, while Lewisham, in a voice scarcely articulate, exclaimed, "O, do not, do not deceive me—do not raise in my bosom expectations which can never be realized!"—"And cannot my emotion, my strong and uncontrollable emotion, convince you?" asked Lady Newark—"Is it possible any thing but maternal affection could thus agitate me?—O, my son, let me not doubt a moment, distraction will follow!" Netterville fell at her feet; he embraced her knees—"Heaven knows," cried he, "how supremely blest I should think myself could I dare to hope you were not deceived."—"O doubt it not!" exclaimed Lady Newark, in an agony; "O do not, do not render me miserable! you are, you are my son! I feel I know it; and will not the resemblance, which has been so often remarked between you and Newark, convince you of it; Lord Newark now again embraced his son, and presented him to his brother; while Mrs. and Miss Nugent eagerly congratulated his lordship on this new acquisition to his family—"That not even a shadow of doubt may remain," said Lord Newark, "on any of our minds, tell me, Lewisham, have you not preserved any thing by which we may identify your claim on us?"—"I have at my late lodgings," replied he, "a large trunk, full of trifles, which my benefactor carefully preserved; among which, if I am indeed your son, your ladyship can scarcely fail to remember a coral, and a mantle."—"I do, I do, my son!" cried Lady Newark—"marked in your own name," replied Lewisham; "for, if I mistake not, the letters are K. C."—"I have no longer



a doubt!" cried the transported mother—"besides, my son had three remarkable moles on his right arm." Lewisham turned back his sleeve, and exhibited them. Lady Newark pressed his arm to her lips; his eyes sparkled; he again threw himself at the feet of his delighted parents—again received their blessings!—"Mathuen," said Lady Newark, "you also are my son, do not grudge your brother this ebullition of tenderness; for this my son," cried she, "was lost, and is found, was dead, and is alive again!" Lewisham embraced his brother—"Come," cried Miss Nugent, "I insist on your becoming a little reasonable, my lord—neither yourself or Lady Newark have, as yet, asked me to seat myself—come, Adeliza, get us some breakfast, for we have eat nothing to-day; and my poor boy—I beg his pardon—my lord, I should now say, has not, of late, been used to fasting.—Pray what is become of Miss Walsingham?" Lewisham coloured.—"Do you know, fellow," continued she, "that the account of your illness threw poor Clara into a fit?"

Lady Newark wishing to change the subject, called their attention to the breakfast-table.

## CHAPTER. XXI.

WHAT a change had a few, a very few weeks, made in the prospects of Netterville; from being known only as an obscure and indigent individual, a dependant on the bounty of Miss Nugent, he was now become the acknowledged son of Lord Newark, undoubted heir to his large estate and title, and already bearing that of Clanrick, which had descended time immemorial to the eldest son of the family. From having no relatives or connection, he was become the proud hope, almost the idol, of fond and indulgent parents; he was blessed with youth, health, fortune, friends, family; was followed, courted, caressed, and flattered, by that world which had lately regarded him with scorn. His mother almost lived in his presence; she watched his very looks, anticipated his wishes, marked every change in his interesting countenance, was alarmed on his slightest complaint of indisposition, and in the fulness of felicity often sighed when she reflected on the uncertain tenure by which it was hers. Lord Clanrick also, while he lifted his heart in thankfulness to the Great Disposer of events for the change in his situation, while he acknowledged with grati-

tude the numerous blessings he enjoyed, still sighed for that one which he believed to be unattainable; his wishes, his hopes, his fears, all centred in Clara; and his thoughts, in spite of effort to the contrary, still recurred to that memorable morning when he quitted London for Margate, still dwelt upon the conversation he had then heard, still beheld, in imagination, the hand-writing of Clara; still recollected with bitter agony, the animated and expressive words—"O Mathuen, Mathuen, what is life if I am condemned to be separated from thee?" Constantly, daily, hourly, exposed to the fascinations of Clara, his fortitude almost forsook him; anguish oppressed his heart, and he could scarcely conceal from observation the deep and incurable sorrow which eat into his vitals; he was no longer as formerly, the life of society; no longer animated by gaiety, no longer assiduous to please, but languid, inert, and inactive; he flew to solitude for the relief of affliction, and freely indulged in that grief, which he imagined was destined to last for ever.

Latimer had returned to town as soon as Lewisham's recovery was certain. Their late disagreement was forgotten, and a fresh and more lasting friendship cemented on its ashes. His friend's exaltation, though he was himself a sufferer by it, rejoiced him; and, intirely cured of his libertinism, he was now the declared and received admirer of Blanche; who, divested all anxiety on our hero's account, received his addresses without attempting to disguise the pleasure his preference gave her.—Mrs. and Miss Nugent now hired a ready-furnished house in Capel-street, which they insisted on Blanche's considering as her home, and where the Marquis of Deloraine and his daughter were almost constant visitors; and where, attracted by the charms of Agnes Deloraine, Mr. Mathuen also spent the greatest part of his time.

The frequent hints which were thrown out on this subject, could not fail at length to attract the observation of Lord Clanrick; and he determined to scrutinize with unremitting earnestness the conduct of all parties; yet the more he did so, the more was he involved in doubt and perplexity; for Mathuen, though the acknowledged lover of Agnes, abated nothing of his accustomed attention to Clara, who appeared to feel neither regret nor anger at the manifest preference which he gave to her rival.

Lord Clanrick almost began to doubt the evidence of his senses—"If," cried

he, mentally, "if, indeed, she is indifferent to Mathuen, it is possible I might succeed—O, Heavens! how blest, how supremely blest, should I then be."—He now eagerly sought an opportunity of speaking to Clara alone, which she appeared as eager to avoid. She also caught the contagion of melancholy from him; she became languid and dejected; and in a short time, under the plea of indisposition, and attention to the health of her grandfather intirely absented herself from Cavendish-square. Clanrick bore this for some time with the appearance of composure, while his heart was torn with distraction: "Clara," cried he, mentally, "is ill—she is dying, I shall see her no more; O, let me fly, let me unburden to her my sad heart; let me at once come to an explanation—I can no longer bear this racking suspense; my soul is tortured with agony; to know the worst, is at least some degree of ease, and hastily snatching his hat, he hurried to St. Martin's.

(to be continued.)

## PICK AND CHUSE.

AN honest peasant settled in a small village, where in a short time, he gained the good will of all his neighbours. He had however, the misfortune to lose one of his best milk cows in the first year, which grieved him exceedingly; while his wife, who was an excellent manager took sick and died. The good man lamented the loss of his helpmate, with the most unaffected sorrow, and remained some months quite inconsolable. His neighbors now thought it their duty to reason him into resignation. My friend, said one of them, the wife you have lost was really an excellent woman, but still you have a good remedy; you are a young, and an honest man, and you will find no difficulty in procuring another.—For my part, continued he, I have three daughters, and shall be happy to call you son-in-law. Another, on this, offered him his sister, and a third his niece. Good God, said the mourner, what a strange place this is, since a man who lives here, had better lose his wife than his cow. *My wife is dead, and behold! you tell me I may pick and chuse, to supply her place! but when my poor cow died no body tho't of offering me another!*

Princes learn no art *truly* but that of horsemanship, the reason is, the brave beast is no flatterer; he will throw the prince as soon as the groom.

*For the Philadelphia Repository.*

A READER'S GLEANINGS.—No. II.

THE INFLUENCE OF  
EDUCATION,

BY education is understood any attempt to enlarge the ideas and improve the mind by the acquisition of general knowledge, and proficiency in any particular branch. Education introduces to an intimate acquaintance with numberless objects which are totally unknown to the ignorant; and every object possesses some quality of a pleasant or unpleasant nature, proportionably multiplying or diversifying our agreeable or disagreeable sensations. With the ignorant, objects are comparatively few. Scenes before them are of no great extent; and even these are overlooked by the majority, whose years pass away in a kind of sensitive indolence without apathy or affection.

Sometimes, however, a natural acuteness of understanding is observable among the most illiterate, accompanied with lively sensations and very strong affections; and when they are once aroused by objects that appear interesting, their passions are most violent. What they know can alone appear important to them, and the very little they possess is their all. Their whole souls are concentrated in that which gives pleasure, and all the powers of body and mind are exerted to repel whatever gives pain. This will indicate the cause of that remarkable strength of passions and affections, both of the benevolent and malevolent kind, so observable in savage nations; and impetuosity of character so often to be met with among the active and uninformed of every nation.

The cultivated mind, by increasing its acquaintance with innumerable subjects, will inevitably discover some pleasing quality in every object of its pursuit: of consequence both attention and affections are divided and subdivided into innumerable ramifications; and thus, although enjoyment may upon the whole be augmented by aggregate numbers, yet each individual quality possesses but a moderate share of influence.

The young and inexperienced are generally affected by simple objects. The causes of their joy or anger, sorrow or fear are seldom complex. As the powers of the mind are more enlarged, the affections are both more diversified

and rendered more complicated! Thus, upon the perception of favours and obligations, the joy from good becomes united with *gratitude* to the author of that good; with *love, veneration, respect*, for his character; with *admiration* at the extent of the good, or at some peculiarity in the delicacy and liberality with which it was conferred. Experience introduces the passions of hope and fear, by teaching us the knowledge of good worth possessing, on the one hand, and the accidents to which it is liable on the other.

It is observable further that the young and inexperienced, whose habits are not yet formed, and to whom every thing is new, are most apt to be influenced by the introductory emotions of *surprise* and *wonder*. This inexperience renders things and events, which are familiar with others, new and strange with them. They are prone to be in ecstasies for acquisitions and advantages comparatively trifling, and to be agitated by small or imaginary evils, because their imaginations have not been corrected by experience. But, if these *passions* from more simple causes, are frequently stronger in them than in others, it is equally true that their *affections* are less permanent. A rapid succession of novelties, and the immense variety which increased knowledge introduces, quickly efface the preceding impression.

*For the Philadelphia Repository.*

THEATRICAL  
ENTERTAINMENTS.

IN the antient ages of savage rudeness, in the first dawns of Grecian civilization, theatrical performances boast their origin; they progressed in grandeur and magnificence, from the cart of Thespis to the amphitheatre of Titus. Eschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides were the first who brought them to perfection among the Grecians. They attacked with success the vices and absurdities of individuals, exaggerated the failings and incongruities of the virtuous, and exposed to public view the excesses of the vicious. Heroes were commemorated, and their glorious achievements repeated; even their gods were not dishonored by being brought upon the stage; and therefore the religion of the heathens was extremely favorable to theatrical performances. The superstitions of the church of Rome were the origin of the English stage; the miracles of confes-

sors and the sufferings of martyrs, the first representations. Mysteries and moralities were afterwards carried to the most ridiculous excesses; the former being representations of scripture occurrences, the latter personifications of the passions and affections of the human mind. In opposition to true christianity, yet in unanimity with the catholic religion, dramatic entertainments progressed in improvement and reputation, and playhouses increased in such a rapid manner, as really to become nuisances. The rage for these amusements infected all ranks of people from the king to the beggar.

As, in England, the lower order of the people were grossly ignorant, it was in the power of the dramatist, by inflaming their passions, to urge them on to the greatest excesses. The court, therefore, soon found means to turn the fury of the mob to their own advantage, and, having engaged the managers in their favor, they could easily render all their designs popular. The Puritans were the first who had the courage openly to attack these abuses from the press, and though they procured a cessation of plays for nearly thirty years, yet, on the restoration of Charles II. theatres were again frequented and encouraged. From that till the present time, they have found protection from the rich and powerful, and men of the best talents and greatest genius have contributed to their refinement and reputation. The reason is obvious, from the inherent love of fame which is predominant in all, but more especially in great geniuses. Though true fame depends upon the esteem of the wise and good, yet men are so liable to deception, that they eagerly grasp the shadow while they lose the substance, they prefer the praise of a few of their fellow creatures to the esteem of their Maker.

Thus we have found, and daily see, prostituted to the encouragement of vice, talents, which, had they been turned to the real good of mankind, might have promoted the cause of virtue and the christian religion,—might have procured the happiness of many both here and hereafter,—and might have crowned their possessors with immortal glory.

But, say some, theatres are the schools of virtue—by delighting they admonish—they convey instruction in the most pleasing manner—they take off the rust of savage ferocity, and give a clear and bright polish to the manners of the age.—Before we give place to the above positions, let the following questions be can-



didly answered. Is it the most virtuous part of mankind that attend theatres? if not, how can they be truly said to be schools of virtue? Have their admonitions, though conveyed in the most delightful manner, any good effect in changing the dissolute morals of their votaries? Do they not, on the contrary, by fomenting and cherishing their passions, hurry them on to the gulf of intemperance? Finally, if these be their effects, how is it possible, that they should be the means of refining and polishing the manners of mankind?—For answers to these questions let every one consult his own judgment and experience, let him examine whether dramatic entertainments have not been the means of ruining both the characters and constitutions of many in this city—let him examine whether there has been so much as one vicious character by them reclaimed to virtue. It would be well if only one part of the community were infected by theatrical rage; but this is not the case: a distemper more destructive to the constitution than the pestilence, more dangerous to morality and religion than the opinions of Voltaire or Volney, seems to pervade all trades and professions. Formerly the winter season was judged sufficient to satisfy theatrical desire; but of late, neither the very heat of the summer, nor the fear of the breaking out of a malignant fever, nor even a regard for the character of the stage, was able to restrain the licentious desire of a few vain-glorious young men who, in defiance of both modesty and prudence, brought their ridiculous performances before the public. As an enemy to stage-playing in general, I would address them as Timon the misanthropist addressed Alcibiades, when all the Athenians were shocked at his enormous vices: so far from shunning him as he did all other men, he ran to meet him, and stretching out his hand to him in a friendly manner; 'courage, my son' says he, 'you do right in pushing your fortune, for your advancement will be the ruin of all these people.'

OBSERVER.

## ANECDOTE.

THE fellows of Baliol College, in Oxford, ordered the gates to be shut on the fast day. Dr. Leigh, the master, said on the occasion: "we are very strict on the observance of the day; we not only fast ourselves, but make the gates fast also."

## For the Philadelphia Repository.

MR. SCOTT,

The following Oration was delivered by a very young student, at an examination of the students in — Academy, (Mifflin) and is communicated for insertion in your useful Repository, by

A FRIEND.

RESPECTED AUDIENCE,

**CALLED** in my turn to address you, the height of my ambition is for a few moments to amuse, to mix thoughts that are pleasing, with sentiments that are profitable; to fix your attention and use my best endeavours to gain your approbation.

When I cast my eyes around and view this assembly, my thoughts are naturally led to a consideration of the happiness which flows from social union. Were the ties by which we are united dissolved? was man reduced to a state of solitary seclusion—separated from his friend, his partner,—his brother, did he wander through the lonely wilderness, solemn, sad, and slow? how drearily would his time revolve? unassisted, unassisting, the world would present to him an unvaried, uniform scene in which nothing was represented save lonely man in a lonely wild.—But the author of our being who formed us for happiness, filled our souls with social affections, and in love to his creature said "*it is not good that man should be alone*"—I will make him an help-meet for him—

Then a fairer being shew'd her charms,  
Young beauty wanton'd in her snowy arms;  
The heavens around her bade their graces fly,  
And Love sat blooming in her gentle eye.  
She rose indu'd with nature more refin'd  
A lovelier image and a softer mind:  
By wisdom form'd to kindle sweet desire,  
To rouse great thoughts, and fan th' heroic fire:  
At Pity's gentle call to bend his ear,  
To prompt for woe the unaffected tear,  
In scenes refin'd his softening soul improve,  
And tune his wishes with the hand of Love—

Dwight.

Here social happiness originated, and from thence have sprung those endearing ties which bind man to man, in all the pleasing connections of parent, son, brother, friend,—forming societies; of those societies composing nations and giving a common interest in which is contained the happiness of the individual. Although, in this view we have a strong, a convincing proof of the unceasing goodness, parental care, and unsearchable wisdom of Deity,

"Who forming each on other to depend,  
"A master, or a servant, or a friend;  
"Bids each on other for assistance call  
"Till each man's weakness grows the strength of  
"ail."

Pope's Ess.

yet there has existed in all ages of the world a species of beings who have used all their endeavours to blight the fair prospect with their poisonous breath. From an unaccountable perverseness of nature, or from a want of fine feeling and those affections called social, they have, amid all the sweets and pleasures which abound in society, stood singly and alone, forming no link of the social chain, and never enjoying that extatic bliss, that enlivening satisfaction, which flows from that pure union whence originate the tender names of husband and father.

Need I inform you, that the being to whom I allude, who endeavours to reverse the order of nature, and turn this beautiful world into a deserted wilderness, to counteract the will of Deity and break all the bonds of society is the *old bachelor*.

The old bachelor! there is something frigid in the very name, as I pronounce it, it affects as a blast of wind from the bleak north, when the hail rattles on the shattered roof of poverty's cottage, it even affects this assembly, mark—young and old, virgin, and matron press closer together—old bachelor produces a cold shivering, for he appears like snowy winter wrapped in his cloak of fur, his head adorned with an icy crown, icicles depending from his hoary beard, and the *lazy blood* scarcely trickling through his half frozen veins.—Love is the humanizer of man, it softens every other feeling, gives an agreeable impulse to all our passions, and fills the soul with the most pleasing emotions; where it resides in its purity no groveling desire, no low debasing passion can domineer, it prepares us for just, noble, honorable, and generous actions, makes us pant for a participation in every thing that is praiseworthy, its language is universal, and its actions full of benevolence—but of this most noble, most generous, this soul subduing passion, the old bachelor cannot participate; he, it is true, may entertain esteem, he may have some glimmerings of friendship, but, compared with love, these dwindle to stoic apathy, they are like the faint glimmering of a taper compared with the sun in his meridian glory.

It is a saying which experience verifies, that love breeds love; but, as the old bachelor does not love, neither is he beloved. If he have money, some persons who love it, will indeed bow to him very obsequiously; they will even act to him in a friendly manner, and in hopes of one day becoming his heirs, will treat

him with kindness; but can this compensate him for the want of that pure, that genuine friendship which is the offspring of love? that intimate connexion,

Where friendship full exerts her softest power  
Perfect esteem enliven'd by desire  
Ineffable, and sympathy of soul  
Thought meeting thought and will preventing will  
With boundless confidence: — *Thompson.*

Sordid interest may indeed, with its artful flatteries, and imposing smiles for some time appear the true friend, but let adversity come and with its bleak storms sweep away interest's golden dreams, immediately it will assume another appearance—then nothing will be seen but the lowering brow, the averted eye, the forbidding gesture: no careful hand will be then present to smooth the wretch's pillow, no soothing friend to pour consolation into his breast, to support him under affliction, and participate in the sorrows which are incurable.—The residue of his days are one continued scene of misery; death approaches—he dies unlamented and his name is instantly consigned to oblivion.—

A question here very pressingly presents itself and demands an answer—seeing the old bachelor's life is thus full of unhappiness, how comes it to pass that any are found in the human family so blind to their own good?—

I answer, I have said before that this arises either from an unaccountable perverseness of nature, or a want of social affections;—but I shall now proceed a little farther in analyzing this singular being, the two qualities which appear most conspicuously in the old bachelor, are *cowardice* and *niggardliness*, and from these two flow, in a great measure, his solitary state.—Why, says happy Tom, slapping solitary Dick on the shoulder don't you relinquish this moping, pining, lonely state take to yourself a wife and become honourable in civil society?—Ah my friend, answers Dick, I would willingly marry, but am *afraid* of getting a bad one—I never could endure a curtainlecture—I would as soon be gibbeted as bear the tongue of a scold—and—and some men say that women sometimes do not content themselves with words only, but in their fury even come to downright blows—besides all this, a wife is an expensive thing—a wife would soon leave me not a dollar to rub upon another—I am not rich enough to marry, children might, you know, be the consequence and I would be absolutely reduced to beggary.—Add to all, I am afraid if I

should marry, my wife would wear the smallclothes, carry the purse, make me an henpecked husband, and perhaps *something* still worse—I therefore cannot think of marrying.—With such arguments as these, the solitary being composes himself, moves by day through society without any kind attachment, and at night retires to his lonely bed and hugs his pillow.—Thus pleasure hangs her golden fruit tempting full in his view, but it grows on a tree on the elevated mountain's brow; courage would immediately put him in full possession—alas! he hath it not: cowardice meanly chains him to the foot of the hill—he dares not make a single effort—talk to him of making an attempt, his blood runs cold, his teeth chatter, his knees knock one against the other, he sinks down debilitated by slavish fear, and never enjoys the delicious sweets—oftimes indeed he endeavours to make himself amends by substituting money instead of a wife, and this he loves with inordinate affection—he not only makes it his mistress, but a god, and worships it with the most ardent devotion—with fear and trembling.—Thus he plodes through life without love, without esteem, without any friendship save that which flows from sordid interest—how widely different is their state—

Whom gentle stars unite and in one fate  
Their hearts, their fortunes and their beings blend,  
'Tis not the coarser ties of human laws,  
Unnatural oft and foreign to the mind  
That bind their peace, but harmony itself,  
Attuning all their passions into love.

*Thompson.*

Hail wedded love! mysterious law! true source  
Of human offspring, sole propriety  
In paradise, of all things common else!  
Founded in reason loyal, just and pure,  
Relations dear and all the charities  
Of father, son and brother first were known!  
Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets:  
Here love her golden shafts employs, here lights  
His constant lamp and waves his purple wings.

*Milton.*

In a word, let me apply the whole; old bachelors, if any hear me, renounce speedily the despicable title, be no longer the dupes of cowardice and niggardliness, but casting aside every obstacle, assert the dignity of man, and cleave unto a WIFE.

A late writer in commenting upon the various newspapers of London, with their uses and abuses, relates the following narrative.

AN intimate friend of the publisher of a *Sunday Newspaper* found him engaged in conversation with an elegant and beautiful young woman, who soon retired.—“There,” cried the publisher, hold-

ing a slip of paper in his hand—“there is a striking instance of the immorality of the age:—that female has just paid me for this advertisement,” continued he, putting it into his visitor's hand, who read the following words; ‘A young lady of respectability wishes to borrow the sum of 25*l.* of any gentleman of fortune and honor. No money agent need apply.’ &c. “And can you,” cried his friend, “degrade your newspaper by publishing such an advertisement?” “O,” replied the publisher, “it is quite in the way of trade; and so far from being injurious to us, it will promote the sale of our paper. One young rake will inquire of another, ‘Have you seen the — P’ ‘No.’ ‘Faith! it contains a curious advertisement, in which a lady of free principles wishes to borrow money!’ The buck calls at our office, buys a newspaper, and thus, as Mandeville says, ‘Private vices are public benefits.’

Odious as this instance of barefaced depravity must appear to every virtuous mind, it is unequal in enormity to the advertisements of quacks, in consequence of which so many credulous beings are defrauded of their money and their lives.

### OLIVER CROMWELL.

NO person makes a more distinguished figure in the history of England, than Oliver Cromwell. The revolution that he effected in the English government, will ever stand a monument of his matchless skill and valor.

This man was born in the year 1599, he descended from respectable ancestors; but his father's circumstances were far from affluent. However, as Oliver was an only son, he had a decent education, and was sent to the University at the age of seventeen, but his father dying after he had been there two years, he was called home by his mother, who had engaged in the brewing business. His irregular conduct displeased her, and she caused him to engage in the study of law at London; here he paid less attention to his studies than his pleasures; he was famous for dissipation and vice.—The study of law never pleased him, and upon a small estate being left him by a relation, he left it and retired into the country, where he became as remarkable for the strictness of his morals and religion, as he was before for dissipation. He was a zealous member of the church of England, until he paid his addresses to a lady of different persuasion, when he gave the first in-



stance of that duplicity, that ever after so strongly marked his character; he turned Puritan and married the lady.

He was a member of parliament and distinguished himself by a spirited opposition to every measure of the king. He did as much as any one towards bringing on the civil war, in which he served on the popular side and displayed such military skill, that he was raised to the rank of Lieut. General. In this station he brought the war to a termination by beheading the king, and obliging his son to flee the kingdom. The government was then vested in a parliament, but Cromwell still remained at the head of the army which was ever ready to obey his commands and further his schemes; and when he grew displeased with the parliament, he dispersed them by his soldiers and governed alone.

Several insurrections were raised against his government, but they proved ineffectual, he quelled them all.

Possessing the power, Cromwell was desirous of the title of king; he repeatedly consulted his friends on the subject, who constantly opposed his wishes; even the army would not support him in his pretensions and he was obliged to desist.

Towards the latter part of his life, he was so fearful of being assassinated that he went constantly clothed with a coat of mail and double armed.

He died on the 3d September, 1657, having a few hours before his death, named his son Richard his successor, and was buried in Westminster, with all the pomp and magnificence of a king.

But his bones rested not in peace. When Charles the second was restored to his throne, the body of Cromwell was taken from his tomb, and after being treated with the greatest indignity, thrown to rot on a dunghill.

#### ADMINISTRATION OF JUSTICE:

OR, THE

#### POWER OF FEMALE BEAUTY.

ONE of my friends used to boast, that the most beautiful woman in the world could never make him forget his duty as a judge. I believe you, I replied; but every magistrate is a man before he is a judge. The first emotion will be for the fair plaintiff, the second for justice; and then I related to him this tale.

A countess, handsome enough to influence the most rigid judge in favor of the worst cause, was desired to take the part

of a colonel in the army against a tradesman. The tradesman was in conference with the judge, who found his claim so clear, and so just, that, he assured him of success. At the moment the charming countess appeared in the anti-chamber. The judge ran to meet her. Her address, her air, her eyes, the tone of her voice, such an accumulation of charms were so persuasive, that in a moment he felt more as a man than a judge and he promised the lovely advocate that the colonel should gain his cause. Here the judge was engaged on both sides. When he returned to his study he found the tradesman in despair. "I have seen her," cried the poor man, out of his senses, "I have seen the lady who solicits against me, she is as handsome as an angel. O sir! my cause is lost." "Put yourself in my place says the judge, quite confused, "could I refuse her?" and saying this, he took an hundred pistoles from his purse, which was the amount of the tradesman's demand, and gave them to him. The lady heard of this and as she was scrupulously virtuous, she was fearful of laying under too great an obligation to the judge, and immediately sent him the hundred pistoles. The Colonel who was as gallant as the lady was scrupulous, repayed her the money, and so in the end every one did what was right. The judge feared to be unjust, the countess was cautious of laying under too great an obligation, the colonel paid his debt, and the tradesman received his due.

#### A CAUTION.

TO SCOLDING MISTRESSES.

GOOD economy much depends upon the good management of a family. I have often seen, and long been convinced, that a mild and dispassionate is much more efficacious and salutary, than a severe and rigorous discipline. If you would prevent faults in your domestics, take care that you *see but few*; never animadvert on trifles, nor appear discomposed at accidents, nor reprove real faults in a passion.

Mrs. Teasy who has no daughters of her own, has brought up several girls, whom she took out of poor families; but she complains, she never yet has had one but who was a vexation to her. They do her more mischief than all their work is worth; and though she is always talking to them, she cannot make them mind her. Her complaints are partly true; but the fault is her own, for she spoils all her

girls by eternally fretting at them. If Betty happens to turn over the swill pail or breaks a mug by stumbling across the broom, which Mrs. Teasy in her hurry, had left in the way, the old lady is in a rage. "There, you careless drab? I knew you would do so. You are always breaking things. You waste and destroy more than you earn. I had rather do every thing myself. I never will set you to do any thing again as long as I live." And so Betty sits down—"What! you baggage! have you nothing to do?—Go, fetch the creampot and turn the cream into the churn. How you handle it—I know you will break it, as you do every thing else." The poor girl in a trepidation of carefulness and anxiety, lets it fall sure enough. It is dashed into fragments, and the cream scattered round the floor. "O la! you nasty trollop—I never saw any thing like this. Just so you do every day. I cannot keep my hands off from you." Thus with tongue and claws, she frightens poor Betty almost into fits. Nine tenths of the mischief which the girl does is through an excessive caution to avoid it. Her mind is never calm, nor her nerves steady, because her mistress is always blaming, scolding and threatening. By degrees however, the girl becomes hardened. If she breaks an article, when Mrs. Teasy is not present, she secrets it. If enquiry is made, she lies to prevent discovery.

Philadel<sup>a</sup>, Oct. 20, 1804.

#### FRANKLINEAN SOCIETY.

The members of the Franklinean Society are requested to attend at the Hall in Gashill street this evening at half past 6 o'clock; on business of importance.

GEORGE ORD, jun.

Oct. 20<sup>th</sup>.

Sec'y.

**MARRIED**—On Thursday 11th inst. at Friends' Meeting. Benjamin Marshall, (mer.) to Mary Grubb, daughter of Joseph Cruikshank, all of this city.

—On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. John Hey, Dr. Elijah Perkins, to Miss Susan Stephenson, daughter of the late Rob. Stephenson, esq.

—Same evening by the Rev. Mr. Joneway, Mr. Matthew L. Bevan, (mer.) to Miss Deborah Newman, all of this city.

—At Princeton (N. J.) on Tuesday 9th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Smith, Mr. Elijah Blackwell to Miss Eliza F. Lafferty, both of that place.

**DIED**—On Saturday last, after a lingering illness, Mr. Samuel Eldridge, (mer.) of this city.

—Lately in Germany, *Tagez Tolpiter*, aged 120. He had buried ten wives; his last, the eleventh, who is now living, is but twenty-six years of age.

## Temple of the Muses.

*For the Philadelphia Repository.*

TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF THE  
REV. EBENEZER HENDERSON,  
Pastor (elect) of the  
Associate Church of Philadelphia,

*Who, on his way to this place, died at Staunton in Virginia,  
on the 17th Sept. 1804.*

DEAR Henderson now in the grave is laid,  
And in life's noon the debt of nature paid.  
His light spread brightening like the rising sun:  
The sky portentous low'rs,—Death's work is done!  
His fate, at Staunton (as he homeward pass'd)  
He met—and, all-resign'd, he breath'd his last.  
His mission was complete,—his glass was run—  
His Lord had call'd—"Thy work on earth is done!"  
"Take now thy destin'd seat among the blest;  
"Enjoy my love and everlasting rest."  
The flock which man had chosen him to keep,  
Now whelm'd in grief their much-lov'd shepherd weep.

Sweet music's dumb: no pleasing notes are sung;  
The drooping willow weeps—the harp's unstrung.

All long'd, all listen'd anxiously to hear  
The feet of him who brings good tidings near.  
The church had call'd—but all in vain invite—  
They wait—the post arrives—when—pale affright!  
The packet's black!—with trembling hand unseal'd—  
Fix'd is their doom—the word of death's reveal'd!  
The reader, with swoln heart and tearful eyes,  
Stops short,—at length, with sorrow's voice, he cries  
"Death has our Elect Pastor from us torn:  
"Our hope is gone!—and we are left to mourn!"  
Th' intelligence quick round the circle flies;  
As quick the sympathising feelings rise;  
Each heart is pierc'd with grief and all pour forth  
One lamentation for departed worth.  
When, in the midst, an aged sire stood up,  
To soothe their woes, and raise desponding hope;  
Leaning upon his staff, he thus address'd  
The crowd of mourners, by their loss distress'd:—  
"Brethren th' affliction that we sorely feel,  
"Is by appointment of God's sov'reign will:  
"Let us, with Christian mind, this trial bear;  
"For tho' the servant's gone—the Master's here—"  
Deep sigh'd his lab'ring breast (as thus he spoke)  
Dim grew his eyes; his knees enfeebled shook;  
More wou'd he say—but still in vain he tries;  
His heart-felt grief all utterance denies.  
At length his faltering voice the silence broke;  
And thus (still leaning on his staff) he spoke:—

"Brethren, we should not mourn the loss of those  
"Who, being call'd by God, in God repose:  
"This stroke, however strange to finite mind,  
"By Wisdom Infinite has been design'd;  
"Whose wond'rous grace in his eternal plan,  
"Works all together for the good of man.  
"Perhaps we, in th' excessive love bestow'd  
"Upon the gift, forgot the giver, God;  
"Who hath in mercy this affliction sent  
"To save us by a father's punishment:  
"For what declares the volume of his will?  
"My children whom I love, I chasten still;  
"And those, who most of chastisement partake,  
"I love most dear, and never will forsake.  
"Then brethren, bear your fainting spirits up,  
"And rest on these sweet promises of hope.  
"God's Providence o'er all his works extends;  
"His dispensations have appointed ends;  
"His eye omniscient watches over all;  
"Without his will a sparrow cannot fall;  
"Ravens he feeds; and you he'll ne'er forget,  
"Who on his arm are as a signet set:  
"And hence, should clouds arise, or tempests roar,  
"Light shall shine forth—the storm shall rage no  
more." P.

*For the Philadelphia Repository.*

*(The following lines on the same subject, are by a young  
lady of sixteen.)*

### A YOUTHFUL SIGH TO THE MEMORY OF AN AMIABLE MAN.

HOW shall the muse the tribute pay  
To worth and merit justly due?  
How hope, by mournful, artless lay,  
To soothe the griefs which pierce us through?  
Oh Henderson! dear name revered!  
To us by ev'ry charm endear'd;  
The friend of age, the hope of youth,—  
How shall thy tearful flock express  
The deep regret which rends each heart?  
How speak their great, their sad distress,  
Caused by death's unerring dart?  
Vain is the task the muse assign'd,  
Behold it in each downcast eye:  
In vain my pen attempts to find  
Words to express a theme so high.  
How short the time, how quickly flown,  
Since by the chast'ning hand of God,  
Our aged guardian, from us torn,  
Again we bow beneath his rod.  
But see! what moving scene appears!  
I hear the tender infant's cries;

I view the widow'd mother's tears,  
Her sighs ascending to the skies.  
Well may'st thou weep, unhappy babe!  
No father now thy steps to guide!  
Yet, from life's ills and gloomy shades,  
Thou wilt a mother's bosom hide.  
Oh! if a youthful wish avail,  
Thou'lt rise to sooth a mother's care,  
In thy heart gratitude prevail,  
And Henderson shall still be here.

His name shall live—  
"Beloved till life can charm no more  
"And mourn'd till Pity's self be dead."  
October 2d, 1804.

### ADVICE TO A LOVER.

HENRY, you tell me *Julia's* fair,  
To liken you her skin compare,  
Her hair is *Cupid's* net, you say;  
That skin, though fair in beauty's prime,  
Shall feel the blasting hand of time,  
Those charming locks grow harsh and grey!  
But O! her angel breast, you cry,  
Her dimpled cheek, her sparkling eye,  
Spread sweet enchantments o'er my soul;  
That breast shall shrink; and, lean and grim,  
Those cheeks shall fade, those eyes grow dim,  
And in their haggard sockets roll.  
But see, with more than mortal air,  
She moves; how graceful, beauteous fair!  
She sings—what melody I hear!  
That form with crippled age shall bow:  
That voice which warms our fancy now,  
Shall hoarsely grate within your ear.

Let not these transient charms controul  
The noble beauties of the soul—  
Let higher thoughts your bosom move;  
Frail charms, like meteors, glide away;  
Virtue preserves, with brightest ray,  
The flames of unextinguish'd love.

### EPITAPH.

HERE rests my spouse; no pair through life  
So equal liv'd as we did;  
Alike we shared perpetual strife,  
Nor knew I rest till she did.

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